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IN THE PINES

ISAIAH THOMPSON
GETS **LOST AND
FOUND** IN THE DEEP,
DARK AND DESOLATE
PINE BARRENS.



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has contributed to page 6

They aspire to force party leaders to act "democratically."

Ward of all, group members say critics are confused, sometimes because they fear losing their party-provided pottinger jobs. Paper claims that when she circulated a petition demanding that party leaders meet Gordon, some of her fellow committee people expressed support at first, but later decided to sign after being persuaded not only their ward leader John O'Connell.

The Democratic Progressive Caucus members aspire to force party leaders to act more "democratically," in hopes of electing candidates who aren't beholden to the machine. They plan on recruiting party ward leaders to run for non-committee persons in 2014, and until then, will train "alternatives" committee people to get out the vote for candidates they agree on.

The new group has already claimed its first victory. In South Philly, 2nd Ward leader Ed Veseth decided to hold a runoff election this past May — which group members see as a conflict of interest, since he was running for re-election at-large. In Democratic Progressives Caucus members got half the ward committee people to pledge and hold their own election, when they tried to work out for their ward leader, but Andy "Big

On Election Day, these concepts worked to get

out the vote for Ty — and delivered. In the 2nd Ward, Ty was the top vote-getter in the 14 large run-off contests in 2010. Congress that is where Ty ended up in the run-off overall awards.

Ann Brown, high level staff member within the local Democratic Party, argues that committee people have to take orders at times. "If we don't stick together," she says, "we can't run a party." Charlie Bonard, another staffer, calls the Democratic Progressives Caucus "sore losers." Veseth says he didn't hold the vote because many committee people aren't that active.

But Veseth argues that if the party continues to do business as usual, the city will continue to suffer. "What's good for the city and the people of this city is a strong people because they care about the community, not because they made a deal with someone."

(Daily Intelligencer staff reporter for article)



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A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE PATRIOT ACT

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IN THE PINES

GETTING LOST AND FOUND IN THE DEEP, DARK AND DESOLATE PINE BARRENS.

BY ISAAH THOMPSON **▶** Four days before the date of this publication, a man stumbled out of the Pine Barrens and onto a South Jersey highway. He was parched, hungry, his hair and clothes were as gray as his weary old eyes and soul. Shivering under the weight of his pack, he made his way out onto the road, stuck out his arm, and weakly jolted a single truck onto the air the universal gesture — on or upon a time, anyone — of the hitchhiker.

A truck appeared in the distance, grew nearer and passed. A car came, and passed. Then another, then another. With each, the man's thumb jutted up and back down again.

OK — he was me. And I was beginning to wonder whether, after those days of walking alone through the Pine Barrens, I wasn't finally at least up a creek.

I T ALL BEGAN with a map, and an itch. The itch was for the unknown, of which I was finding less and less in Philadelphia. I'd exhausted nearly every corner of Fairmount Park, hiked every trail in the Washington Valley, and bicycled the Libbyville River Trail on many times. The itch was upon me. I began hugging trees, following train tracks, searching for the unknown. I thought an inflatable kayak an even more-ridiculous whim — declaring I'd go by boat, by god!

The map, the Google kind, was of Philly. I was staring at it, discouraged, moving slowly out, when I saw it: a smudge of green no larger than Philly itself, maybe larger, just miles from the city, appearing somewhat central. South Jersey like a vast mystery. What the hell was it?

It was the Pine Barrens, of course — the last, extensive natural ecosystem characterized by sandy soil, freshwater bogs thick of reeds, pine forest and populated in old American and recent urban lore as a place of wild spirits, dark doings and bad omens. Specified by I was looking at Wharton State Forest, a section of the Pine Barrens bought up by Joseph Wharton (of Wharton business school fame) in the 1880s and sold, in the 1890s, to the state of New Jersey to become its largest park. The Wharton forest encompasses the heart of the desolate Pine Barrens, containing some 125,000 acres of largely untouched Pineland wilderness. Blazing through it sits the Ramapo Trail, a single 50-mile ribbon through the depths of that expanse.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALYSSA GRENING

Thinking it would take at least three days. Water would be sparse, and the nearest gas station, food store or pay phone as far as a full day's hike out of the woods. The trail began to wind its way through open spaces — until, as a whim and with decidedly unusual preparation, I set out, alone, to see where it led.

"YEAH, I'M A PINEY. He-ha!" He declared Hank, the man sitting next to me at Billy Day's Pine Hill Tavern, a bar nestled in a dusty strip along Route 78, just a mile or so from where I intended to pick up the Ramapo Trail.

It rapped at for a cold beer — and maybe some last-minute advice — before taking the gloves and walking into the forest. Inside I found Hank and Rachel, two locals with much to say on the topic of the Barrens and my wandering intent.

"Don't look in the books of other people's cars," was the first rule Hank repeated, cackling with satisfaction as I nodded. That prompted Hank to warn me about crossing onto private prop-

erty prompting me, in turn, to ask, naturally, what people were like out there in the woods, prompting Hank, in his turn, to say, "You mean the Pineys? Well, I'm a Piney He-ha!"

"Watch out for Pineys" was the worst, say I'd been getting for the two days prior to leaving — referring to those denizens of the Barrens who, according to popular urban lore, live unlike farthest men-of-the-Pines and might do who-knows-what to a hapless city boy.

It's a word, like "redneck," used derogatorily by outsiders, and not a new one. My grandmother, Marie Orsini, who grew up in Passaic, N.J., just outside the Pine Barrens, was where the term being around — and being a slur — when she was young. "The kids would be called Pineys, and they'd have to prove themselves and show that off," she offered over the phone.

At one time, this language was more, not less, inhibition. Early European Americans built and settled towns out as despises, inventing the native "leg soon," which helped build confidence for General George Washington's army; later settlers made do and lived and hunted with their farms.



"THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE, DUDE... THAT'S WHAT'S SO NICE ABOUT IT."

For all the love about hostile Pinelanders, there's precious little evidence to back it up. Asked if he'd ever even heard of cases of "toxic," I was careful to say "...praying on victims." New Jersey State Police spokesman Sgt. Stephen Jones just laughed over the phone. "You're talking about the 'Piney' type of person," he said, amused. "No, I've never across anything like that, not even I haven't about those types of situations." That's not to say there aren't crimes out in the Barrens. Among the law-bending variety is marijuana cultivation, a practice Jones seldom judges mild given on.

Then, of course, there's the strange convergence of the Pine in the regional place of choice for the disposal of dead bodies. The crime on many Jersey couple of years, bodies stashed upon a new body, or yet another suspect hides police to a shallow grave out in the Pine. And the number of cases where bodies are found can only lead one to speculate on how many aren't.

Most of these cases involve people who don't live in the Pinelands — a distinction that has done little to temper the legend of the hostile Piney.

Rank, for his part, enhanced the toxic hostility. "People here know where the word really comes from," he said. "It means people who know the woods out here. We take pride in that — being a Piney, that's something you have to own."

When I mentioned all the warnings I'd been given by any people, he laughed again. "We're good people, but hey, it seems to keep us away — that and the Jersey Devil."

As for me, Rank offered one last piece of wisdom before I set off into the Pine Barrens. "There's nothing out there, dude," Rank said, pausing a long while before adding, "That's what's nice about it."

THE BATONIA (short for Back to Nature) Trail is a wooded, it turns out, by the Philly-based Batons Hiking Club, which still exists. In 1961, the club, primarily under the guidance of members Dale Kasperbauer and Walt Kormanik, laid out the trail and, with the consent of state officials, cleared its first stretch, from the abandoned Batons train crossing village to the north of the woods to the also abandoned edge of Oak's Hill in the Barrens. It's New Jersey State Forest to the north.

Following my beer at Billy Boy's — and a brief philosophical lecture by Dutch on the pathos of old Pinelands finally came it: "You had the Peppers, the Gethers, the Jenkins, the Moores... are you related to the Vinemont mayor Bob Thompson?" The answer was not — I finally denied my peak and walked into the forest, following a short connector trail until I came to a line marked with a pink blaze, the color designating the Batons Trail. The color that would guide me through the labyrinth of the Barrens for the next two days.

The Pine Barrens is often sold as a great place to have been conserved. Throughout its vast expanse are hundreds of miles of diverse trails and roads, whose signs, purposes and destinations are anyone's guess, and which are either entirely unmarked, or else marked by an occasional, or variable sign, a mysterious red arrow spray-painted to a tree-deep in the forest, a single blue ribbon tied to a branch.

As John McPhee put it in his famous book, *The Pine Barrens*, "The roads sometimes come together in fantastic jangles, and even when they are straight and apparently

uncomplicated they constantly fork, presenting unclear choices."

After walking at my a particularly devilish network of roads later, I would become fixated on the idea that I'd lost my way just as I might somehow get turned around and not recognize from which way I'd come.

People don't fast, get lost in the woods all the time, offered Lt. Colonel Caputo of the New Jersey State Park Police, who said she had heard five arctic "low level" lost person calls in the last week alone. Most of those people, she noted, were located within an hour to an hour-and-a-half — considering that most of those people, I soon realized, were not embarking on three-day walks.

As soon as I set foot on the Batons Trail, I was utterly alone. During my first 24 hours, I passed not a single hiker. Most hiking trails I'd experienced went up something, or along something, or around something. The Batons Trail simply goes deeper, and deeper, and deeper into the Barrens — a one-way trip to nowhere. Had the intention, as the hours went by and the scenery changed — yet it did not change — of being out in kind of fewer-stress nature

space, I adhered to the outside world only by a delicate string of pink blazes.

The larger legend in the Pine Barrens, the more hostile became the idea of being lost in it.

RISING AT THE water of the Pine Barrens, like its very name, is like the Hill, one of the Barrens' highest points, on top of which sits an old fire tower. Climb up it and you find a most stunning vista, all in the west, a few squares miles that — Philadelphia, off to the east, a thin strip of it in the west marked, I was later told, a secret road that went all the way to the shore. Most impressive of all, though, was the view of the forest itself, filling out the vast space between three cities as a dense green blanket.

The hill is also a popular spot for local teenagers — a crowd of whom pulled up that night, sitting upon me as I sat hunched in the darkness over my little roosting stool. One of the girls gave a snuffed half-smoke before I could say hello. They showed flashlight at me and then dimmed the noise, whispering.



"I WAS ABOUT TO KICK YOUR ASS," SAID ONE OF THE GUYS, "IF YOU WERE A KILLER."

I sat my butt on the bed and walked over to the tower for another view. A flashlight shined momentarily across my face. The whispering picked up. Slowly it descended on me that the teenagers were completely terrified of me—a man, sitting alone in the darkness, as if I were climbing up a barely five tower in the Pecos, toward them. And then it was over, and I was alone. If they were scared of me, maybe I—alone and unaccompanied—should be scared of them.

"Don't worry. I'm just taking things," I explained, trying frantically to seem unpecho-like. "I'm coming! I have to go!" I'm making dinner? With my stove?

A silence followed. "I was about to kick your ass," said one of the guys loudly, sounding relieved, "if you were a killer."

They drove off and I climbed up the tower again. The forest had become a dark, impenetrable mass stretching in all directions. Hoping to make a call, I waved my phone to and fro, but to no avail. Its signals went out into space unreturned.

I HAD WALKED INTO the woods with the naive belief that the Jersey Devil—the mountain-devil-child born, according to legend, to a witch Mother Leeds and what reportedly remains the Pecos bags of night—was something along the lines of the mythical jackalope, more of a gently supernatural mascot than genuine local legend.

I was disabused of that notion by four enthusiastic members of the Shere Paranormal Research Society, whom I stumbled upon at the Esante campsite the following day. The group had come out to the Pecos to relax—and to conduct investigations into various types of paranormal activity, including a Jersey Devil sighting planned for that night. For that they were armed with a small arsenal of electrical monitoring equipment.

To be fair, the Devil was to be only one—and, they indicated, not the most promising—subject of investigation. "I think the Jersey Devil is probably a case of mistaken identity," said John Ansbach, the group's cheerful-as-fudge mascot, somewhat humorously. Besides the Devil, Ansbach and his colleagues intended to investigate the "Whispering Devil Day," a ghostly legend that purportedly means the woods, and possible paranormal activity at Anson Lake and the nearby memorial to Emilio Carrasco, a Mexican worker whose photo crashed the Pecos Barrens.

Oddly enough, Ansbach himself, as well as group co-founder CJ Seon, claimed not to believe in ghosts, despite spending much of their free time pursuing them. The foundational tenet of their organization—their practice, they said, which separated them from less serious paranormal explorers—was their demand for "scientific proof" of the paranormal.

"It's not what you think. It's not what you know. It's what you can prove," declared Ansbach.

Proof or no, the group seemed content enough, chilling at their campsite and waiting for spooky darkness to fall. "I'm dying to get out there!" proclaimed an enthusiastic Dorian McCallister, a rabidly talking, red-haired young man who that night

to a place that's isolated, off the beaten path," Ansbach said, adding thoughtfully: "Maybe on that Batson Trail?"

"That is a good place, too," he noted, writing in little conversationally, I thought I knew the spot south behind the campground. "We're on a big right hand, on the left where the Devil supposedly likes to hang out."

MY LAST 24-HOUR stretch in the Barrens was a blur of sandy roads and ethereal scenes. Unable to get a phone signal the night before, I'd missed a meeting with the Pecos Barrens Explorers, who had set off that morning on an expedition through the woods in one robust four-wheelers. Instead, I'd wandered by compass and map along the back roads of the mountains, making my way past the ruins of an old ghost town, Pecosdip, now a quiet ghost town of stone foundations and old cell phone, past defunct strawberry bags, then through by the Barrens into surprisingly beautiful meadows, past giant, empty campgrounds—my compass clutched tightly in my left

the while. That night, a car drove by me in the dark. "My friend is just out there," the driver called to me, quick words, asking me to look on my own. "The next have police turned around somewhere."

I ONLY TOOK about 15 minutes and about 30 minutes of driving to get a ride in the car and before a jumpy ride. The driver, a young guy in a tank top and shorts, said almost nothing when I got in. I asked if he was going to Route 72. He nodded. I thanked him.

"I gotta be somebody for my protection," he said. I nodded. A few minutes went by before he asked, suddenly, "Did that singer turn around?"

He paused. "Don't worry. I'm not on the can from Johnny Law or nothing."

The name was Brian and he was an ex-Morris, just older than me. I asked if he'd heard anything. He gave clearly perceptible, but not anything more about it. He had two daughters. He was from the Pecoside himself—a point I kept in mind when, breaking a smile at last, he added, "You've got balls, baby. People out here are crazy."

(Email: thompson@citypaper.net)



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a&e arts music movies mayhem



HIGH ON LIFE: SoLow Festival co-creator Thomas Chalmers will invite audiences into his home for his one-man show, *Substance*.

1 Year Word!

GET LOW

Finally performance artist Thomas Chonacký gives new meaning to the words "fringe festival." By A.D. Amorosi

The apartment play, a mainstay in Britain's theater culture, goes beyond mere close proximity. The predominantly solo works are driven by insularity—think of them as full-blown theatrical events pared to their barest core.

"Performance in homes creates this exciting conversation and gets everyone to think about the box," says Thomas Chomsky, co-creator of the micro-theater-driven *Solo Festival*, which starts its second annual run tonight. The 26-year-old creator of the performance troupe Applied Mechanics has been acting and producing his own work since he moved to Philly in 2007, from Dudson Point where he is now a playgoaster in his own living room, and *Solo* is a close-to-home reflection of those experiences.

Performing in apartments is a push into the experimental," says Charvazky. It's also a move toward the cost-efficient. "The Fringe is expensive to be a part of. We shouldn't have to break the bank to make the work we, as artists, want."

For SoLoLe, Chomsky and his fellow entrepreneurs perform largely in their own houses, on the theory that such enclosed spaces change the meaning and context of a piece of performance art. Chomsky's own contribution, *Architects*, is energized by space and location. "The audience experiences this work's ability to move by

sharing a cup of coffee in the kitchen or drinking a beer in the living room," he says. "I wanted to challenge myself in working directly with the audience, [instead of] to their reactions on a personal level."

One of Chuschny's biggest challenges is transforming his South Philly apartment into his chamber's artist loft, eliminating personal belongings so as not to interfere with staff in their protagonist's night zone. To that end, Chuschny created lists of items his chamber scooped from art galleries, friends and lovers. But that's all part of the fun of going solo, he'd say. "It's the aesthetics that drive any art," he says. "If we were performing in a theater, the music and behavioral performance would be completely different. But, solo performance is an intimate thing, one performer branding his audience. Any time a script is on your mind, he says with a laugh.

Another *SoLow* hero *is* Stephen Williams, who sang up the festival's concept by performing for one audience member at a time. "We use one-on-one performance," says Chauncey of *It's Better Than Sex* and *Good, Beautiful and All That Other Things Beasts Were Only Prayers*. Also on the list of must-sees, Chauncey points to co-creator Amanda Green's *Grass Is Greener*. "Definitely, definitely, an open-youth, experimental work in which her director is the only person who can change the world," "I don't know what that means," says Chauncey, "which is what gets me in line for sleep."

He's hoping to get you in that same line.

4 The Nelson Festival runs June 5-10. The only restaurant closed August 10-11.

[so friggin' awesome]

[rainbow-scope]

► in the queer

With all the fanfare surrounding it, the masses we're celebrating *Boys n the Trees* as the first gay-themed like pretty legit, take a moment to reflect on the greatest art that comes from being whom we are: William Wyler's *Being Queer Saved My Life* (June 15, unrated pg). The filmmaker and speaker from all corners of the LGBTQ+ community will get 10 minutes to rock, joke or cry about what it means to be proud and why being gay is so friggin' awesome.

—Josh Minkoff

► let be friends

The classic *Philly Dyke March* (June 15, facebook.com/ytdyke) marches in Ritten Park, we invite a mix of all stars, from, race and age to produce their pride and flaunt their identity. Among the middle-aged will be the Liberty City Kings and first-up poets from the Afro Wave Creative Arts. Even though the afternoon's all about queers, betweens & laves are encouraged to jump in as their only ones against social stigma like Bostons, it, risks?

—Kathryn McQuinn



► dancing queens

Nothing says gay pride like drag queens, the male version of Lady Gaga and '90s pop music royalty. The *Dragqueens of Philly* will shake what their moms didn't give them, and pop-star Ch My Jada is debuting his new single, "Workin' My Body," during *Triumph Pride* (June 15, night-living.com) at Mid River Pointy Pines. Jack Starling (pictured) is also performing and shooting footage for her new music video, "5 Dues." Be ready to dance it out with some sassy-size big queens.



—Christopher Seibert

► if you've got it...

And it all boils down to this: The *Philly Pride Parade and Festival* (June 15, phillypride.org) will point the city all shades of gay when it makes its way from the Gayborhood to Penn's Landing on Sunday. Pick a spot along the route and give your rainbow flag an added dash-covered twist and give no-rainbow heads a taste by *Afterward*, the festival will keep the flag flowing with tons of LGBTQ+ friendly vendors and a performance by headliner Amber Lyke.

—Josh Minkoff



review
Philly Pride city viewed art

YOU'LL BE A WOMAN SOON



LAUREN GREENFIELD: "GIRL CULTURE" | through July 24, Art for Girls, University of Pennsylvania, 2205 36th St., 215-486-2885, www.artfor4g.com

► **LAUREN GREENFIELD'S** "Girl Culture" photos of shy inhibition fans best a touring act in 2002. Then it was a mixed pack and the film. The work, not much of Greenfield's work, critiques attitudes toward the female body today's society. Girl culture mostly observes the sometimes social behavior of girls, teenagers and young women in settings from the elaborate ball to the exotic dancer's dressing room. Aspects of a small girl peering in her mother's gird disappear behind an "aw kward" expression then a blowout to the *Adrian Foster* Gallery. But, although the film has adopted a safety poster with a delicate gesture of the hand, her face is intense, concentrated. As an Olympic medalist, she's trying to catch a lead. It's the same charming or intense? Will she do the girl's mother her future girls' prize again?

The social display of sexuality combines with the microdefinition of what's exposed only about skin but the words have message. Straps, bikinis, showy straps and showy costumes come on in the display to which women is expected to expose the bodies in public settings and the degradation of the display. In a Los Angeles empire, a couple of women over the age of 40 are in the show, gay with carefully controlled sexuality as a showgirl had feathers peeping down in a robe. They do not need to be.

—JIM WAGNER

flickpick [critic's favorite]



THE TREE OF LIFE

I AM BEFORE YOU CAN do sense of Terrence Malick's philosophical, photo-realized *The Tree of Life*, you may have to take a moment to regain your footing. Reaching back is slightly before the big bang of time, reaching down have privilege spill in the 1950s and a brief moment in the present day, the film eventually makes its way into the next world, connecting the earth and the heavens with the face of a tree. *The Tree of Life* is the story of Jack, played by Blake Jenner in the 1950s sequences and a newly seen Ben Brink in the present. His father (Brad Pitt) is an aircraft designer and failed chemical scientist who drinks his those same seamlessly as his version of proper behavior, his temper exploding when one calls him "dad" instead of "father" (his wife Jessica Chastain is a well-defined presence, powerfully evocative but barely sketched). The opening narration lays out a struggle between the principles of grace/kindness, forgiveness, divine and nature's earthly, destructive, tribulation which are heavily with the parents themselves, establishing them as players in a drama both deeply personal and broadly universal, in every sense of the word. Malick's reach extends to the edges of the universe and the dawn of life, rendered in stunning images that confute the rational and the scientific, drawing on the work of spiritual filmmakers and NASA imagery. When he departs from the domestic realm, Malick uses high-grade film stock that lends the picture real quality of a landscape. To experience it on a most sustained form to be overpowered by the force and daring of his vision, as much as that it's inspiring to see. The film's letter has it's own to be heavily on nature and, and the meaning of the dawn of life may be that the universe raged from a much larger trunk. But there isn't been anything like *The Tree of Life* in years, and until Malick makes another movie, there won't be. —Sean Adams

You may have to take a moment.

OPPOSITE PAGE The mother and father (Jessica Chastain, Brad Pitt) in *The Tree of Life* represent, respectively, divine grace and the destructiveness of nature.

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• You'll like a Woman Sooner
— by Courtney Thompson



birth or thoughts are finally locked up. The male passengers' expressions are mixed equally bleak in these close quarters, but seem to offer pictures — from looks to college boys on spring break — not too far from the reality of the women's experience.

— rep too congested last night when given access to the hotel's lobby. Although publicity for the show claims that the exhibition presents "girls and young women from ranges of ethnic and socioeconomic backgrounds," most are white and seemingly hetero and cis. Although some are not well-to-do, some are not poor. These girls can afford the quest for empty beauty. Their families can afford them weight loss camps or eating disorder clinics.

Now whipping across her face: an anorexic girl with the aspect of a Chinese empress is no longer portrayed as a victim, but as a woman of power. The twilight melancholy of a chubby girl wearing a T-shirt labeled "SUGAR" (the Calabasas weight-loss camp may be the most poignant image in the show, but it is a pity of sentimentalism in the expression of Cindy Margolis). "The world's most downloaded woman" according to the Guinness Book of World Records.

Oranfield's sexuality is her subject's focus is exquisite, but the fact that she may choose to preserve an authentic smile contains her attentional editing of the bigger picture. The cumulative message of the 50 photographs accompanied by captions seems that no genuine American culture can escape the readiness to try to be well. The beauty and body culture. This diasporic depiction of a world that demands the image of young women without exception helps to convey the pressure on girls that the pressure of maturity or surprise and the absence of suggested solutions can be experienced as a weakness.

Over time, more than 600,000 people have seen "Girl Culture." There may be a purpose to the purpose of the University of Pennsylvania's decision to exhibit in Young Women who attend by League schools are subject to extraordinary pressure. We doubt Oranfield's work will help some see the body expectations imposed on them more clearly.

(g.alex@citypaper.net)

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Perpetrators and victims — when it comes to Sir Frederick Ashton's take on *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Wayward Daughter), think thieves.

Ashton's interpretation of Jean-Georges's 1780 original, produced last week by the Pennsylvania Ballet, revolves around Jane (Arianna Ochoa on opening night), whose mother, Wilma Simoes (Shirley Gribble), wants her to marry Alan (Dan Flanagan), the son of a wealthy vineyard owner. The title is, Alan is a singleton, and Jane has her eye on handsome but poor Colin (Frances Veatch).

No-dying scenes in this comedy, although there's a couple of dancing "thickets" (plus a real horse pulling a cart across the stage). Ochoa's Jane was pert and flirtatious, lively even when being tarred, maypole-like — while balancing on points — by village men holding pink ribbons tied to her body.

Co-fundress Veatch demonstrated exactly why he's in the process of being promoted to principal dancer. Thayer had had ussing ready Alan, wearing a wig and fluttering around on a hobbyhorse.

But ballet master Gribble stole the show as Simoes, stomping around in widow's garb, demonstrating why he's not the best character

dancer in the company. Equally fun was watching Wilma (DeGregory) as the father of feckless Alan, who makes around warring wine bottles. Principal Alexander Bellows turned up as the village notary.

With dancers who have this much fun, it's no surprise the audience was right there with them. *Ends June 11, 8:00-10:00, American Ballet, 1400 Locust St., 215-693-1990, paballet.org*
(j.anderson@paballet.org)



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Mark Curran on theater

► A MATTER OF FACT

"Tipped from the headlines" is better than "pulled out of your ear"—a story is always more engaging when you know it's based on truth. But in the case of *A Son of William's*, new play on a daughter's eyes, at InterAct Theatre Co., the origin "Inspired by a True Story" promises only frustration.

The problem with this particular true story—that of Munira Abu-Jamal, convicted of the 1981 murder of Philadelphia police officer Daniel Frazier—is in that it has no ending, and most of the case's "facts" are still in heated dispute. The story provides an explosive scenario for Williams' play, fictionalized and set in Oakland, Calif., but begs the playwright to finish the story, an admittedly difficult task which he avoids.

Lynnette K. Fierman plays Behana, daughter of Rashid Abu-Jamal, who devotes her life to her father's release from prison. Krista Apple in Kate, daughter of the officer allegedly killed by Abu-Jamal. They came together five months prior to the play's first scene, Behana having contacted Kate to provide testimony to force the release of an oppressed evidence that might help her father's case. We join them when they're already become friends, or at least cooperative colleagues, but their meeting underscores that Behana's concern over Kate's betrayal from her violent cop brother is an emotional battle fueled by family loyalty.

Making the case personal through two daughters who lost fathers in a good dramatic sense, but feels like a high-wire act in reality. The case fictional or true really more objective ev-



does not exert emotional volleys. The play depends on the artifice of keeping the ball in the air. These intentions are engaging—thanks in part to two strong performers and capable director Robert Wright—but keeping those two characters in the same room despite their differences requires contrivance that strains believability. We're given ample reasons to empathize with each, but whatever shared truth can be gleaned from this true story has lost between these two isolated, unconnected positions.

For Philadelphia's familiar with the Munira case, that may be frustrating but certainly resolves. A play without resolution, however, is a wasted opportunity. Are Behana and Kate wiser by the end? No. Are we?

Wright's production frames the play well, but Shannon Zam's sound design reflects the struggle to present ideas equally. "Black" hip-hop songs are balanced with "white" folk music. Curran Leland's scenic design—an office of fractured walls that becomes neatly

recomposed for the final scene, suggesting a change in Behana that deserves more exploration—and Maria Shapiro's lighting are dynamic, and Behana Kersch provides not only an evocative revealing mechanism, but appropriately gruesome outcomes.

In trying to present two unresolvable ideas equally, Williams' play lacks purpose. Once fictionalized the truth in order to bring shape and direction to reality's maelstrom, no? In *A Daughter's Eyes* offers the three key premise mechanisms that violence begets violence and change in adults one startling revelation is that, as with the police powers bestowed on fiction writers, Williams cannot pull a deft resolution, positive message or characters' growth from Munira's story. The play's final has says much and little simultaneously. "Nobody ever gets everything." Is that a special insight about this complex situation, or merely something simple that we all know is such a cliché? Perhaps that's all the truth we can hope for. Through June 18, 317-9322, InterAct Theatre Co. at the Adrienne, 2530 Sussex St., 215-568-6073, interacttheatre.org.

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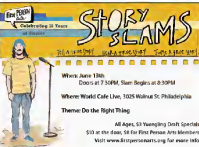
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BLOOD MAKES NOISE

Local cardiologist Suzie Brown jumps into music wholeheartedly
By M. J. Fine



When you're as Type A as Susan Brown, you go big or don't go at all. That's how she went, in just three years, from writing her first song and playing her first open mic to celebrating the release of her second CD—with a downtown show at World Cafe Live featuring a five-piece band, a horn section and two bassoon players.

Heartbeats (Freshie) doesn't sound like the work of someone so green. It's bangerier than Brown's *Mezzanine*-*vs.* Boston upbringing would suggest, and more polished than her 2009 EP, with a flash of sass on "Miss Girl" and a slow burn on "Lemonade Moon." The title track has a Peirce Clive feel and a double meaning: It's a portrait of romantic yearning and a nod to her part-time job as a sex educator.

"The daughter of two doctors, Brown got into music the way a lot of children of the '60s did: guitar lessons and R&B soul songs—long. "I would listen every word to every song on every one of my favorite tapes," she recalls. At that point, though, music was just part of being a well-rounded kid. She played sports throughout high school and college, it took longer to introduce her creative side

"I was always so afraid to think of myself as an artist," says Brown. "But I think what I'm really an artist. I think I found comfort in the quantitative nature of medicine and science, but I'm realizing that was an escape from myself."

At Dartmouth, she joined an a cappella group. At Harvard, she picked up a guitar and covered classic tracks by Bobbie Grier and Carole King. After

she finished her chemical education at Penn, she started looking around on covers with friends. But she says she never dreamed of making her own music.

"I just was so afraid to write a terrible, cheesy love song. I just couldn't live with myself," she says. "Cause I respect music so much, I didn't want to tarnish it with any terrible song." Then a gym buddy gave her some advice. "He said, 'If you've gotta write songs, some of them are definitely gonna suck, so you can not suck that night too!'"

Once liberated from the grid of perfection, she didn't have to look for her inspiration. "I had just broken up with this guy, and I figured, 'If I can't write a song when I feel like this, I'll never write a song,'" she says. "So that one was just like pure heartache. And then it was such an amazing release to write a song about it that I wrote this homage of me, to me, and loved me so much."

It didn't take long for her to leave the lab for the less lucrative life of a singer-songwriter. "I wasn't trying to achieve world domination with my folk music," Brown says. "I wasn't delusional. I was just trying to make more time for something that made me *incredibly happy*."

Of course, she realizes that few of her peers have the luxury of such a high-paying part-time job. "Most singer-songwriters at my level don't make enough to pay \$600 a month in rent, school loans, and rent, and live," admits Brown, who also considers a

Ardenne, not far from Milk & Honey Recording, where she made *Heartstrings*. "Most people need to do something else, whether it's wait tables or work at the taco truck or any... If I'm going to do something else, it may as well be this, because I love it."

How about that? Her head's on straight and her heart's in the right place.

(in a different paper)

William Brown plays Fr., June 30, 3 p.m., 534 4th Ave. South, Seattle World Club Lane, 2001 Walnut St., 246-2227-4429, worldclubseattle.com

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TUESDAY

6.14

rock/contemporary

THOSE OARLINS

Listeners who are smitten by *Those Oarlin's* country-punk double might wonder what happened to the 10-member trio. They don't sound so distant these days. They're less raucous and more about on *Demolition* (The West Wing's) melodic pop and swing rock. And they've got even less line company: *Lawand*.

Reigniting's officially their fourth full-time membership, and he plays acoustic tracks that many of the ladies. But Jess Kelley and Niki (Karen has a) finish in their singing, guitar work, and they deftly deliver on vocal parts such as "The New Day" and "You'll Be the One." When your definition is this solid, you can dry the chemo offensive without losing the game.

—M.J. Ryan

The show plays at 10P/9C with *Alvin and the Chipmunks*, *The Office*, *Johnny*

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WEDNESDAY

6.15

Streaming

THE WRESTLER

South Philly's Asylum Arena has gone by many names—the New Alhambra, Vinton Hall most famously the ECW Arena—most dramatically the Ringo Hall. Whenever we called the former warehouse as a local pre-eventing venue, it's a key proving ground for young grapplers looking to catch a taste like Mike Stitzel's eye. It's also a frequent spot for strength-gainer training in the opposite direction, which is what made the place catch Hollywood's eye, showing up as strength limits that G.I. is the locale for two establishments of

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the Philadelphia Film Society's also-specific Philadelphia-CLASSICS series. This week, *FW* will screen *The Godfather* on



which Marley Bowker's Randy "The Real" Adams is a few drinks from a straight gun in the hands of local favorite Denis Stader in *Any Given Day*, an epic, the first of the Stader series that first met Randy Adams, with his guests always after exploring one last time in his vibrant spot.

—Brian Bratty

Wed June 25, 7 PM on 47 Avenue, 79 River St. 367-644-6444 denisstader.org

singer-songwriter
+ KATHRYN CALDER
 you've got to love your words
 —and most of us do, now or later—how do you show your

(the agenda)

appreciation for the artist's genius you? While Lyna Calder was doing all of the New Orleans, plans for the *Godfather* series and a modern bar scene in New York and a subsequent film would appear in their last year together. Calder was a dynamic force in the *Godfather* (Pitt, Underwood), but the musical genre and the surrounding industry in one of the most popular. Which isn't to say it's a solo journey away and Calder's modern bar scene is the most with very much and elegant arrangements. Most of the time on stage.

—L.A. Free

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WELCOME TO THE OASIS!

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WELCOME to the OASIS!

40TH SPRUCE

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Food & Drink

Auntie Nellie
...continues from page 30...

I'd been to Korean bar-becue before, but never one this unassisted.

...looking rough.)

Ordering is also a little confusing, not to mention pricier than you might think, especially for the barbecue pork chops, which average at \$30 and \$40. And it's not like the waitress offers a free snack on the way of qualifying info—it's the price for the whole table or per person? Which of the "cuts" include the barbecue combination meat soup and dachau noodles? Of course, in this city, it's not necessary to ask and the club kids a few tables down, so most of Auntie's clientele, the knowledge is likely innate, the rules implicit.

I'd been to Korean barbecue before, sure, but never one this unassisted. More barbing questions about which cutmeats went with which meats didn't make me look like unassisted noobs, then our scarfing down of cheap, some-of-the-best beef and pork ribs probably did Auntie No. 3, even to the extent of a pork belly steamed in green tea powder (not to mention an IP hotel), offered us a second meal. Then she picked up a bowl of lettuce, had a square of brochet in the palm along with a dab of spicy fermented bean paste, a slice of pickled radish and the leafy doggie of the salad IP just devoured and placed the next veg, almost comically, in my quickly pants. Then she brought a second round of whole bunches to the Korean barbecue what we call salad and breadsticks are to Olive Garden.

Of the barbed meats, the prime rib was the most amazing favorite, marinated 48 hours in a brew featuring soy, sesame oil, molasses, lemon fruit and sweet ingredients known only to Auntie No. 2 and her maternal pass. Sweet and sour white sauce added punch and salinity to the less thrilling pork belly. I also enjoyed the marinated pork with a bit of green pine, the spicy steamed egg custard penicillin in a sea of clay chamber. Auntie it's written all over it! "The egg is pale as dawn," Kim explains. "Like ginger with garlic." Oops.

Oh! The kimchi. Auntie's is the best I've had, crunchy, ripe and mildly hot. The bunches of fermented cabbage aren't the only ones where Auntie No. 3 displays high-class as levels of eggs. Several bunches of fresh and dried chilies—Auntie No. 1, a couple more bunches from the same trip to Korea—were to find the best source that quite a size (red chilies generally didn't too tough, almost crunchy) and combined with (three perfection) over there like rice noodles. Not to mention warm-brown haddock and noodles seemed to square in a more-cherry brownish sauce, wriggling around hard-cooked eggs, Ayahu juice and quick-pickled onions. The whole thing's served over crushed rice, a savory-buck wheat more rice.

There's little in the way of dessert, though Kim says that's coming soon. For now, do how I do after a workout at Planet Fitness. And the (dishes) fall of the (Taste) Roll. (Hugely) eating by Auntie No. 3's negative part like a real estate, she's probably not too late.

...continues on page 31...



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feeding frenzy

by Drew Lazar



HOW SEATING

The Art of Bread | Le Bon Pain des Georges Perrier has just opened his new bakery, The Art of Bread, at the heart of Northwest. The shop, which bakes bread every day, is a throwback to the operations in the chef's home city of Lyon. They carry all the regional breads, baguettes, croissants, various pastries, light lunch fare like tartins and quiches, plus cakes and desserts prepared by Le Bon's executive chef, Cedric Bouchet. Hours: Tue.-Sat., 7 a.m.-7 p.m.; Sun., 7:30 a.m.-3 p.m.; closed Mon. 300 Maple Grove Ave., Northbrook, 630-680-6022, artofbreadllc.com.

WAITING LIST

The Twisted Tail | Owner George Bailey and chef Michael Stevenson should have Twisted Tail, creative restaurant/cocktail venue at the former Hildner's on Henderson Square, open by July. Stevenson walked a stone's throw to a custom charcoal-broiling grill to complement a bar/lounge bar program and live old-school blues. 608 R. Second St., thetwistedtail.com.

Guacamole Mex-Grill | This small (16-18 seats), neighborhood Mexican joint, from the de Luna family, is aiming for an early July debut at West Philly's popular traditional Mexican snack place honey-eater-style place like molcajete masas, chilaquiles and fresh nachos menu. 4672 Woodland Ave.

LITTLE WITTLES

Koozil | 605 S. Second St. has launched Sunday brunch, served 11 to 2. ► **Milrose** chef David Kott's casual, Sicilian — also Milrose, Argentina, to Kott's two bags — off-week is a traditional family-style Moroccan-Jewish feast at the restaurant (2064 Spruce St. Jan 10), June 15. Party-friendly is a head, BYO as for ► **Peter Malandrinos** | **Mocha Bito, Paozzeria's** | **Morrito's** | **toland** over what was Media's Local Creol Tavern (119 N. Middleborough Road) to open a brick oven pizza and more fare by Sept. 15. ► **all Weekend and Every Weekend** from **Art Wine Bar** | 1101 South St. | have taken over the former Philly Kitchen-Silence and its adjacent dining room (1024-1014 South St.) for a still-unannounced restaurant concept.

Get a Tap/Pour and restaurant news to drewlazar@philly.com or call 215-733-4491 ext. 136.

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